

LIFE

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ON-TO-BERLIN NUMBER

NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.

NO WRAPPING

NO ADDRESS

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Norman
Rockwell
U.S.N.R.F.

"SO THIS IS BERLIN!"

Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

20
CENTS

MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

S. Anargyros
S. ANARGYROS.
CAPITAL STOCK OWNED BY A. LORILLARD & CO.

A SO
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Ye mayl
O' me!
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"ALBERTA"
D. HIGG
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BRIDGE.

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George
1108 Ch
Phila

A SOLDIER'S LOUSE

Gott strate ye, little kittlin' beast,
Ye maybe think ye'll make a feast
O' me; but, no, ye'll get a "had!"
When next ye try to promenade
Across ma kist.

The mixture in the bottle here
Is bound tae mak' ye disappear.
Nae mair I'll need tae mak' ye click;
Ain dose, they say, will dae the trick,
As share as death.
—(From "To a Soldier's Louse.")

HIGINBOTHAM'S Trench" Powder

(Trademark Registered)

friend of the men in the Trenches, or in the
shing Gang. Kills Head Lice, Crab Lice or
Lice within ten minutes of application.
After dusted on or suspended from the neck in
satin bag. On receipt of 35c we will forward
set by insured mail, post paid, to any boy at the
Enclose number and regiment. Write plainly.

Prepared exclusively by
"ALBERTA'S PIONEER DRUGGISTS,"
J. D. HIGINBOTHAM & CO. LTD.
Wholesale and Retail Chemists
BRIDGE, ALBERTA, Canada.

If—

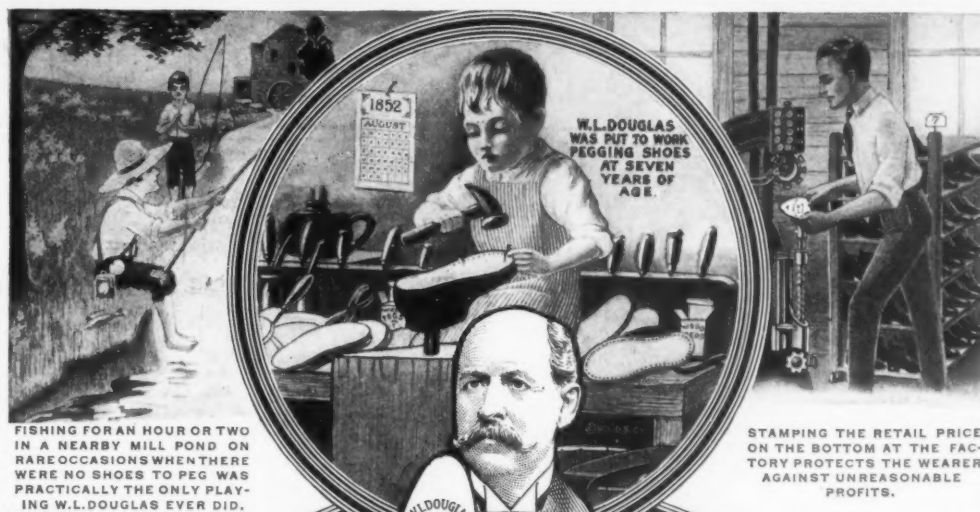
I were Mr. McAdoo
I do not know what I should do.
Fancy I should be quite humble,
or fear that later things might crumble.
at then again to turn or squirm
ould never do. I should be firm.
think I might in secret moan
then putting forth another loan,
and pat myself with friendly leer,
exclaiming, "I'm some financier!"
then it was over. Still I might
if McAdoo) feel not quite right.
ly modest soul might e'en forbid it
and I might say: "The country did it!"
I were Mr. McAdoo
really can't tell what I'd do,
though I have a thought that maybe
d spend some time upon that baby!



Evans's Depilatory Outfit - - - - 75c.

will give you a smooth underarm, face, or
arm in a few minutes.
Just apply it, wait a minute, wash off,
and the hair is gone.
Get it today of your druggist or depart-
ment-store.

George B Evans
1108 Chestnut St
Philadelphia



FISHING FOR AN HOUR OR TWO
IN A NEARBY MILL POND ON
RARE OCCASIONS WHEN THERE
WERE NO SHOES TO PEG WAS
PRACTICALLY THE ONLY PLAY-
ING W.L. DOUGLAS EVER DID.

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE
ON THE BOTTOM AT THE FAC-
TORY PROTECTS THE WEARER
AGAINST UNREASONABLE
PROFITS.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

FOR
MEN
AND
WOMEN

BOYS
SHOES
Best in
the World
\$3.00
\$3.50

You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe sales-
man is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is
determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas
name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped
price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always
worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes
as a protection against high prices and
unreasonable profits is only one example
of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas
to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas
name on shoes is his pledge that they
are the best in materials, workmanship
and style possible to produce at the
price. Into every pair go the results of
sixty-six years experience in making
shoes, dating back to the time when
W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, peg-
ging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is
guaranteed by more than 40 years expe-
rience in making fine shoes. The smart styles
are the leaders in the fashion centres of
America. They are made in a well-equipped
factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest
paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction
and supervision of experienced men, all
working with an honest determination to
make the best shoes for the price that money
can buy. The retail prices are the same
everywhere. They cost no more in San
Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the
retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing.
If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 105 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000
W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from
W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling
how to order shoes through the mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas
President W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOE COMPANY,
147 SPARK STREET,
BROCKTON - - MASS.

Compensation

"WE should always try to get good
men into public offices,"
growled Williams.

"Yes," replied Woodward, "and I
think that when a good man under-
takes to work for his country, he
should be allowed to steal enough to
make it worth his while."

PREACHER (earnestly): Remem-
ber, the millionaire cannot take his
money with him.

RETURNED VACATIONIST: No, in-
deed. He leaves most of it at the rail-
way station when he buys his ticket,
these days.



"DID YOU GET HIS NUMBER?"
"NO, BUT I KNOW HE'S A BARBER."
"WHY?"
"BECAUSE HE WENT OVER MY FACE
TWICE."

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Strangers once, but lovers now

Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 60

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Which means that the Liberty Loan number of LIFE is coming in two weeks.

The Liberty Loan drive opens on Sept. 28th, — the last day of the present week.

On October 10th the great drive will be at its height, and it is precisely at this psychological financial moment in the history of the world that the greatest patriotic number of LIFE will work its will upon those few doubtful spirits who are still hesitating whether to invest all they have in Liberty Bonds or not.

We shall be cheerful about all this. Don't be afraid to buy this number because it will contain anything depressing.

On the contrary, we will make you supremely glad that you live in a country where thirty millions of subscribers (more or less) not only have money to spend but are willing to back their own Uncle Sam to the limit.

(Berlin papers please copy)

Life



Quality, the finest—Price, regardless—
Dearing-power, the longest—that's—

Genuine
Pantasote
Top Material

and on cars that bring the highest prices.

Here's proof of the pudding in a nutshell



ACE-ARROW
ARMON
BRIPPS BOOTH
BECER
COLUMBIA

LOCOMOBILE
CHANDLER
WHITE
COLE
REO-SIX

CADILLAC
PREMIER
HUDSON
CHALMERS
WESTCOTT



Avoid misrepresentation,
even though it be unintentional. Look for this label
on tops represented as
Pantasote.

The Pantasote Company
703 Bowling Green Bldg., New York

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST—

On to Berlin

ON to Berlin! And what's in the way?
Talkative geysers a-spouting all day,
Party machines with imperative grind,
Treacherous wire-pullers working behind,

Asinine critics conceitedly bold,
Primitive precedents covered with mold—

These we must conquer if we are to win;
Over them! Over them! On to Berlin!

On to Berlin! And what's in the way?
Dignified pedantry prone to delay,
Statesmen intent on their own little game,

Private producers a-doing the same,
Sinuous hyphens with hate in their hearts,

Pacifists plying their plausible arts—
These we must vanquish and all of their kin;

Over them! Over them! On to Berlin!

On to Berlin! And what's in the way?
Cowardly slackers that slink from the fray,

Misers that cling to their pitiful dross,
Sly profiteers parading a loss,
Prophets who whine that it cannot be done,

Newspapers written and owned by the Hun—

Down with their dirty, contemptible sin—

Over them! Over them! On to Berlin!

On to Berlin! Sweep them out of the way,

Millions of freemen whom nothing can stay!

Make of your money a vigorous throng!
Beat them with banners and flay them with song!

Fly on the wings of your liberties, fly,
On through the realm of the jubilant sky,
Over the traitors and all of their din—
Over them! Over them! On to Berlin!

Amos R. Wells.

WANTED TO KNOW: Whereabouts of Republican campaign, a hitherto able party, who has for many years taken an active part in American life, and has been an unfailing source of pleasure and delight to a large majority. When last seen this party was going down Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, seated on an elephant and proceeding in the general direction of Cabot Lodge.



"Defies Time and the Elements"

CHASE
DREDNAUT
Motor
Topping

RE-TOP WITH DREDNAUT

Elegant in Appearance

A Drednaut top will add to the beauty of any car—making an old car look like a new one.

Durable and Weatherproof

Often outlasting the car itself, a top of Drednaut will protect you from the severest storms or the hottest sun.

Drednaut's Reputation

We sold top material long before motor-cars were made—leaders in manufacturing since 1847, Drednaut is one of our several sterling products.

"More Chase material is used on vehicles today than any other brand."

Write for samples and particulars

L. C. CHASE & Co., BOSTON
NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS SENT ON APPROVAL

NO MONEY DOWN. Order any Diamond from our catalog; we will send it, all charges paid. After you have made a thorough examination and are satisfied as to the quality and value, pay 20 per cent of the price and the rest in ten equal monthly payments. Don't pay a cent until you are satisfied. Certificate furnished guaranteeing the quality of every diamond. Your diamond purchased from us can be exchanged at a yearly increased value of 7 1/2 per cent on a larger purchase. Own a genuine Diamond. Send for our catalog De Luxe No. 100P. It's free. L. W. SWEET & CO., Inc., Dept. 100P, 2 and 4 Maiden Lane, New York City.



FEDERAL

DOUBLE CABLE BASE TIRES

Exclusive Improvements Prevent Tire-Suicide

It is obvious how *roads* wear out tires.

But do you know how tires commit suicide?

By self-destruction due to lack of proper construction or precautions against *internal* wear.

You get better service and more of it from Federal tires because *all* of their ability is free to overcome road resistance and none is dissipated in needless self-destruction.

When a Federal tire is put on a rim, it *stays* on permanently correct. It does not rock, shift or blow off.

How can a tire that *does* these things wear as long as a Federal?

Again, the toe of the bead of Federal construction does not pinch the tube—there are no rim cuts and no blow-outs just above the rim.

How can a tire that is *not* free from these troubles wear as long as Federal?

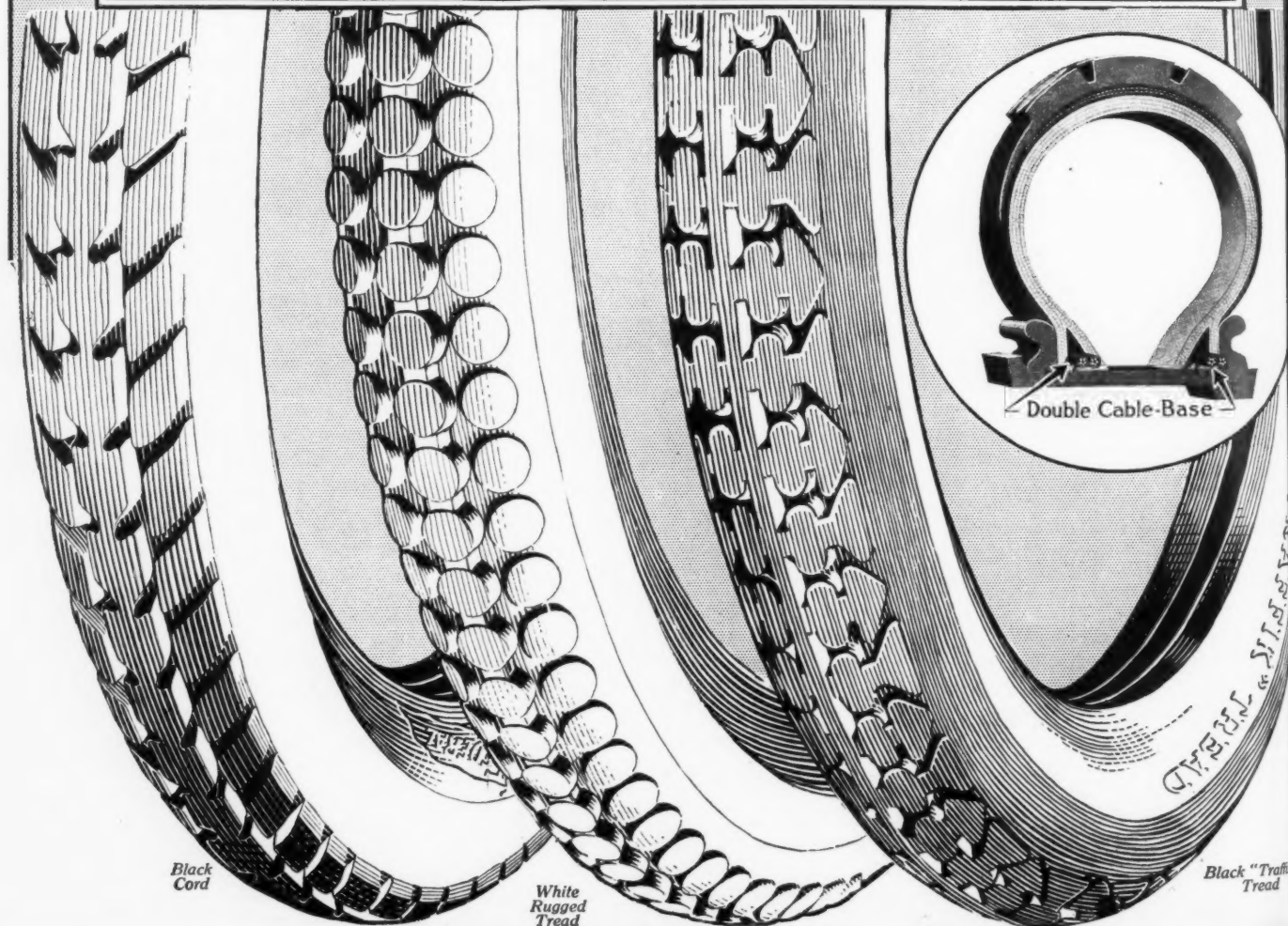
With Federal the low, flexible bead filler yields with every motion, thus relieving the side walls from excess strain that causes fabric separation and hastens the end of the tire's usefulness.

How can a tire that is *not* free from "side wall suicide" last as long as a Federal?

Let a Federal dealer show you *all* advantages of the exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction and other reasons why it is better, safer and cheaper to use Federal tires.

The Federal Rubber Company of Illinois—Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods



LIFE



HOMESICK

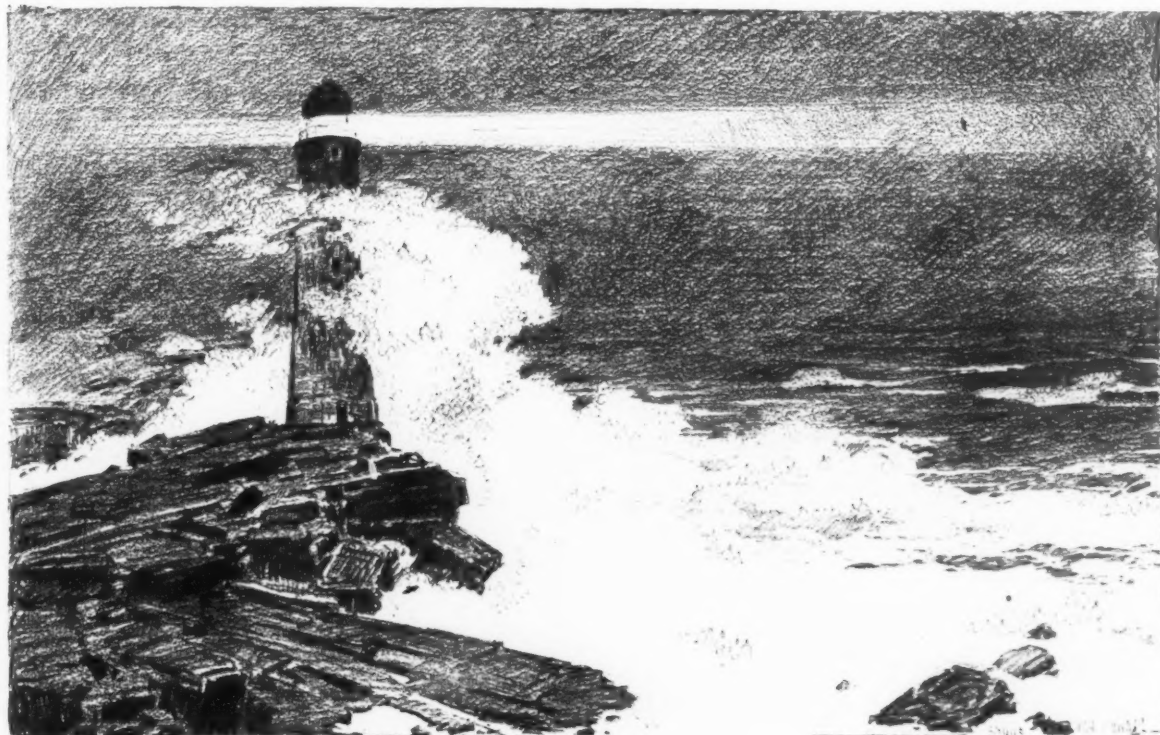
Berlin

BERLIN: A half-way town on the road to Democracy. Travelers staying over night should carry suitable coverings and bring with them their own provisions. Also their own religion, code of honor and common decency.

The New Spirit

"WHO was that chap who dragged you out of no man's land—K. of C., Y. M. C. A., Jewish War Relief or Salvation Army?"

"Sure, what's the difference?"



THE LIGHT OF CIVILIZATION



King Solomon: SHADRACH, THERE IS A SUBTLE CHARM ABOUT YONDER MAIDENS. THEY INTEREST ME.
"THOU HAST ALREADY A SUPERFLUITY OF WIVES, O KING. I TRUST THIS IS NOT LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT."

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$11,031.78
Mrs. A. H. Gallatin	15.00
Peter Berkey	7.00
Mrs. W. H. Withington	5.09
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mills	6.92
Mrs. S. Herbert Jenks	50.00
Marguerite H. Smith	2.00
Mrs. W. H. F. Harris	5.00
J. E. Rhodes	1.00
In Memoriam R. V. S.	25.00
G. F. A.	23.55

\$11,172.25

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Package of children's clothing from Mrs. Wm. A. Luke, Covington, Va.
Package of children's clothing from R. W. Eyland, Belle Island, S. Norwalk, Conn.
Vegetables from Mrs. Albert Knox, Branchville, Conn.
Twenty quarts of ice cream from Mrs. Burr Sanford, Redding, Conn.

Fresh Air Fund Endowments

LIFE has received six hundred dollars in Third Liberty Loan 4¼-per-cent. bonds to establish

FRESH AIR FUND ENDOWMENT NO. 7

In memory of AMY ATLEE, who died May 23, 1911.

FRESH AIR FUND ENDOWMENT NO. 8

In memory of MIRA ATLEE WORTHINGTON, who died January 11, 1915.

FRESH AIR FUND ENDOWMENT NO. 9

In memory of the happy life of JOSEPH MCK. SPEER, JR. (1911-1914).

Each endowment calls for a contri-

bution of two hundred dollars of the Liberty Loan 4¼-per-cent. bonds. The annual interest, amounting to \$8.50, provides, in perpetuity, for the sending, every summer, of a poor child from the slums of the hot city for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. All that is necessary to do is to send the bonds by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The endowment may bear any designation chosen by the donor.

Nothing to It

"DO you think the Germans are getting any satisfaction from sinking fishing boats on the American coast?"

"Don't see how they can. The boats never have any women and children aboard."



ANDERSON

Berlin or Bust!

"PEACE without victory";
Pie without crust.
Both contradictory;
Berlin or bust!

Prayer

O GODS of Destiny, hear this my prayer:

May I never be a slacker. May I never make a show of doing more than I actually am doing. Grant that I may make good in deed as in thought. Give me strength to win this war. Give me the vision to see and understand that this is my war. Grant that I may be cheerful to the end that the big things may always seem like play and the little things like diversion. Never let me halt or turn back. Grant me no power that is not within me. But grant that the power within me may be given its full freedom to act. Amen.



A VERY PROMISING PUPIL



AND THEN WE WILL TALK PEACE

When the Boys Come Back

IT is not too early to start a national organization of those who have seen service in France. It is not improbable that this will number at least four millions.

Every man who has given his actual service and risked his life for his country should have his voice in its management. Every politician must receive his quietus.

The women who have served their country in France should also have their say.

Those who have done should take precedence over those who might, could, would or should have done.

It will be in order at the termination of the war to ask every man:

What did you do?

Did you side-step?

Did you talk big and do little?

What did you actually give up?

What is your record?

These records are now being made.

To evade them will be impossible—when the boys come back.

The Fall of Berlin

As It Will Be Reported in the Berlin "Rottenblatt"

YESTERDAY afternoon a handful of Entente prisoners were brought into our aesthetic city and at once put to work polishing the stones in the courtyard of the Imperial Palace, where they will be tolerated till the return of the royal family from their hunting trip in parts unknown.

Berliners are urged not to abuse these foreigners too coarsely, should they chance to meet one or two of them Unter den Linden or at the Tiergarten, as it is apparent that they have no sense of humor. Probably the most efficient way to treat them would be to cross the street at their approach.

As a public expression of the nausea we experience at the presence of these effeminate swine in our midst, the fearless editors of this daring paper have decided to suspend publication indefinitely.

FARMER (to newly arrived farmerette): Can you milk a cow, miss?

FARMERETTE: I am willing to try—if you can pick out a nice mild one.



The Eldest: YOU COME AWAY FROM HERE QUICK. D'YOU WANTA GET ARRESTED AS GERMAN SPIES?



THOSE SENSIBLE UNIFORMS

Commanding General: MY ORDERS ARE THAT YOU LEAD YOUR COMMAND AGAINST THE ENEMY AT CAMBRAI, CAPTURE HILL NO. 937, SWIM THE RIVER AT HIRSON, REDUCE THE BATTERIES AT GIVET AND BLOW UP THE RAILROAD AS FAR AS DINANT, AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO LOOSEN YOUR COLLAR OR UNBUTTON YOUR TUNIC, AS I HAVE STRICT ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON TO SEE THAT YOU ARE KEPT UNCOMFORTABLE AT ALL TIMES.



The Terrier Mascot: SAY! JUST YOU WAIT TILL PARADE IS OVER

Edging Towards Berlin



IT may be too soon to think of Berlin, but who can read the papers and not think of it? A *Times* correspondent with the French army, observing on September 5th that there had begun to be serious discussion whether the war could be ended this year, quoted the remark that it was less extravagant now to entertain such a hope than on July 14th it would have been to anticipate that the enemy would be where September found them. We may be fooled to some extent by the news we get, but undoubtedly the German prospects read rottener and more gloomy every day. All along, from time to time, the Germans have said that this was for them a defensive war. The Crown Prince has been saying so lately, and still more recently the Kaiser. We all know it was long a lie, but at last

Foch and the Allies are making it come true, for Paris is out of danger now, and all the waning might of Germany is marshaled to bar the road to Berlin.

Von Kuehlmann's opinion that Germany could not get a military decision cost him his job, but the red eagle of the first class that the Kaiser lately sent him is his consolation prize for being right. Chancellor von Hertling, appealing the other day to the Prussians to reform the franchise, told them that the preservation of the crown and dynasty was at stake. So the Germans have begun to see their finish. The political medicine is being poured out for Prussia, but the military medicine, in large, effectual doses, is the necessary preliminary to any good for her from taking the other. Once more thoroughly licked, Prussia may be good for a while, and of course it is conceivable that democracy and a complete change of instruction may, in time, change the character of her people,

though folks who think so will be rated as optimists.

But for the present the military medicine is all there is to think of, and we of these States may well rejoice in the surpassing success that has attended our efforts to furnish it. Even now, with nearly two million men gone abroad—not counting all the girls—we are not a great force at the front, but the testimony comes in generously from all the Allies, and sadly from the Germans, that the huge effort of the United States has alone made possible the great summer smash that has stopped German aggression, cracked German resistance, set Berlin a-tremble and brought us face to face with the end of the war. The jig is not up by a good deal, but the whole line of pipers are playing hard and fast, and the Germans are paying them.

A little ahead—not far any more—are great sights for those who will see them, and great stories for the rest of



GETTING HER NUMBER
"VAT! DER WRONG NUMBER AGAIN!"

us to read. The American troops are not in France for purposes of decoration. They have demonstrated that they are proper fighters. Everybody knows that, and no one better than Marshal Foch, who will send a real army of them presently on a worthwhile errand. It may not be till spring, it may be much sooner, but whenever the end comes and the Hohenzollern funeral is advertised, our gentlemen in force will be present at the exercises. Measured on the map, the distance from the present front to Berlin is nearly five hundred miles, and there are serious obstacles still in the way of traveling it. Before it can be covered Belgium and Northern France must be cleared, and the Rhine be

crossed, and Essen captured and Alsace-Lorraine recovered, and the whole fantastic edifice of German lunacy come tumbling down. It seems still a job for years, if not impossible. It may not be worth while to go to Berlin. The objects of the war may be completely achieved without that journey. But when things once get moving in a war like this they are liable to move fast, and it seems so proper that the crown that was put on a German Emperor at Versailles should be taken off at Potsdam that we naturally look to see it done.

One thing that may prevent it is for the Germans to quit and take what terms they can get. They can do that, and in that way avoid, perhaps, the

actual presence of the Allied forces in their capital. Or if Berlin was captured by German revolutionaries as Petrograd was by Russians, it might cease to figure as a town the Allies needed to visit. But if the Germans don't capture the Prussian capital the Allies probably will. Berlin as the headquarters of the war lords who set the world on fire is a bad risk, and growing daily worse. *E. S. M.*

Welcome to Our City

Insidious German propaganda, of the sort which wrecked poor Russia, and which brought on all but crushing defeat to the Italians last fall, is to be sprung on the world this fall and winter by the Central Powers.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WELCOME, insidious sir. Step right in and sit down in our electric chair specially provided. Make yourself at home. We shall be glad to greet an old friend. We have seen you in many forms before, during your various appearances in the State Department, the Senate, in the halls of finance and other high places. You may surprise and fool us for a moment, but we shall know you this time quicker than ever. The casualties on the Western front have sharpened our wits. Step right in and get what's coming to you, therefore, while the going's good.

Right Kind of Optimism

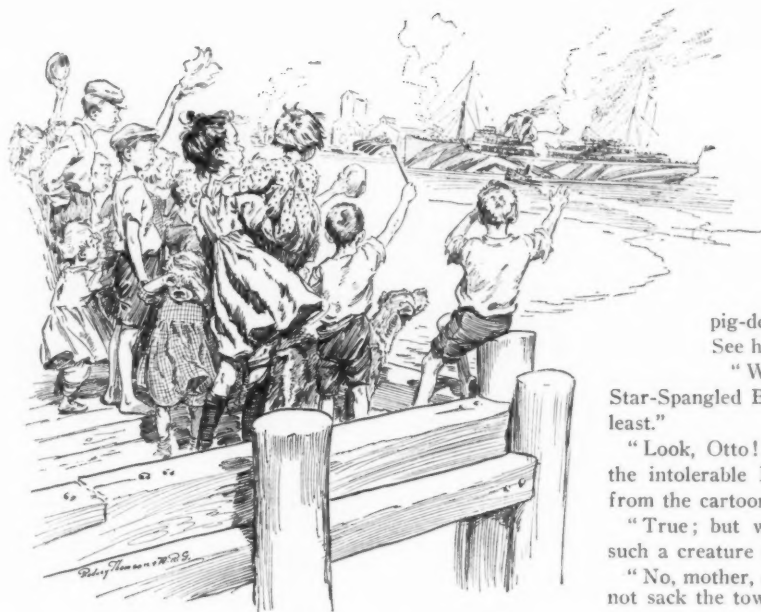
FIRST OFFICER: You attack in the morning. Is everything ready well in advance?

SECOND OFFICER: Practically. We haven't decided yet, though, what to do with the German prisoners.

THE best bet of the German race is the Americanized Germans who are fighting Germany.



HOW LLOYD GEORGE BECAME THE BRITISH LION



THE GOOD-NATURED COP SAILS FOR BERLIN, VIA FRANCE

German Public Information

Official Mental Pabulum for Credulous Residents of the Fatherland, Provided So That the Residents Won't Know That They Are Getting It in the Neck Until They Have No Neck Left

Outside of the American regular army divisions, there are no American soldiers who are able to fight. We can therefore laugh scornfully at the tremendous figures with which the boastful Americans seek to intimidate us. Such figures mean nothing.

—German press reports.

PRACTICALLY all work has ceased in the vast shipyards of Wyoming and Colorado. The workmen are incensed at the government for continuing the war against Germany. In addition to going on strike, they have blown up the ocean in the vicinity of the largest plants, and damaged it beyond repair.

A plague of locusts has descended on the broad prairies and boundless wheat-fields of Rhode Island, whence comes the chief wheat-crop of America. It is probable that Rhode Island will have to import wheat for her own use this year. This is as hard a blow as any three defeats that the Allies have ever received.

Owing to the food famine in America, food-rioters have marched to Connecticut from all parts of the United States, and have demanded that the wooden nutmegs which the people of Connecticut have been hoarding for years be turned over to them for food. Even the nourishment contained in a wooden nutmeg is highly esteemed in America under existing conditions. It is estimated that half the nation will starve to death within five months.

Overheard in Berlin

On the Occasion of the Entry of the American Troops

"DONNERWETTER! There seems to be no end to that line of hateful soldiers! And we had been told they numbered only a few hundreds!"

"I cannot comprehend it, either. Our exquisite U-boats were supposed to have sunk them all."

"Is it surprising that these overseas pig-dogs have triumphed over our refined troops? See how well-fed they appear!"

"What vicious tune does this band play? 'The Star-Spangled Banner'? Pfui! It does not stir me in the least."

"Look, Otto! There in that shameless limousine rides the intolerable Pershing! Yet, how different he appears from the cartoons of him in *Simplicissimus*!"

"True; but who would have imagined there could be such a creature as a general without a paunch?"

"No, mother, do not fear—the stupid Teufel-hunden will not sack the town. They have absolutely no imagination."



"ACH, GOTT! UND TO TINK DOT PORTRAIT OF ME VAS BUT FOUR YEARS AGO PAINTED!"



Mrs. Monk: WHAT'S THE JOKE?
Monk: THE CAMEL'S GOT BOTH FLEAS.

A Great Question Settled

FIRST AMERICAN CITIZEN: I sometimes wish I knew more about this Russian situation.

SECOND AMERICAN CITIZEN: Do you mean to say that you are not thoroughly familiar with it—you, an enlightened member of the most intelligent nation in the world!

FIRST AMERICAN CITIZEN (*furtively and apologetically*): Don't breathe this, will you, but I am a trifle weak on Russia. Perhaps you can help me out.

SECOND AMERICAN CITIZEN: My dear fellow, I consider it my sacred duty to help you out. How can we win the war properly unless we stop going to baseball games and movies and study up our international relations? What do you want to know?

FIRST AMERICAN CITIZEN (*cautiously*): Well, who are these chaps, Lenine and Trotzky, and what is a Bolshevik? Just give me a private tip, will you, so I can talk about it as if I knew something.

SECOND AMERICAN CITIZEN: I sure will. To begin with, you knew the Czar was out of it, didn't you?

"I suspected as much from reading the headlines. He has been several times deceased recently, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and I'm glad you read the papers. Only by going over them closely as I do can you get an accurate idea of what is going on and the great prob-

lems we have to face. Listen, then, carefully. Trotzky and Lenine are Bolshevik statesmen who declared war against Kerensky because Germany captured Brest-Litovsk, and they are trying to raise an army of women and children, aided by uniformed Soviets. Besides this, there is a general movement in favor of invading Siberia, with the possible aid of the I. W. W., assisted by John Haynes Holmes and Percy Grant, which is, however, opposed by the barbers' union and Senator Miles Poindexter. If the British and French armies, with the aid of Czecho-Slovaks and Bashi-Bazouks, can be induced to leave the western front and move on Moscow, leaving us to capture the Crown Prince, all will be well, provided the Ukrainians are fully mobilized and Japan obtains permission from Hearst to act; otherwise the war will undoubtedly be continued to its duration. Our course is to be calm, and, for the present, do as Foch says. Is that plain?"

"Oh, yes; I wish I had learned all this before. Now I know my duty!"

"Any time you wish further enlightenment, come to me. By the way, what was the score?"

"Four to three, in favor of the Giants."

Don'ts for Our Boys on Reaching Berlin

DON'T mind if you're too late for sleeping room in the Imperial Palace—the place is haunted.

Don't take pictures of Berlin statuary—your folks will think you have poor taste.

Don't count on getting a portion of von Tirpitz's beard as a souvenir—there won't be enough to go round.

Don't look for fun at a vaudeville theatre—try the Reichstag instead.

Don't try to count the *Verboten* signs—it can't be done.

Don't shoot the Kaiser on sight—let him see America first.

Don't fail to change the name of Wilhelmstrasse—you will encounter little opposition.

Don't expect too much of German cooking—the cooks are all out of practice.

Don't be afraid you'll forget yourselves and act as the German soldiers did in Louvain—it isn't in you.

Of Course We Love Them

How completely the doctrine of loving our enemies has gone to pieces.—E. W. Howe.

WHY so? Because we are fighting the Germans, and mean to lick hell out of them?

What would the Kansas philosopher have us do? Leave hell in them?

All the choice we have is between leaving it in and thrashing it out.

Which is kinder?



THE ELEVENTH HOUR

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"LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE"

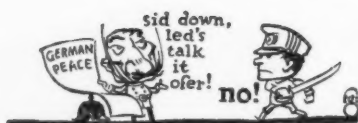


SEPTEMBER 26, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 72
No. 1874

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AFTER almost every-
body else in
the United
States had re-
plied to the Austrian peace suggestion,
the President also replied to it. He
could not answer it until he had re-
ceived it, but once it came to Mr.
Lansing the response was immediate.
The suggestion was that some good fel-
lows from the various belligerents
should get together quietly and pri-
vately, without stoppage of anything
that is going on, and talk things over,
and see if something could not be done
to stop the war. It took the form of
a note to the belligerent and neutral
powers. The Austrian government had
hoped that if its suggestion should be
accepted "mountains of old misunder-
standings might be removed and many
new things perceived, streams of pent-
up human kindness would be released,
and much that is antagonistic would
disappear" and peace might presently
ensue.

The population of the United States
as represented by newspapers, Con-
gressmen, elders and other articulate
leaders was pretty nearly a unit against
accepting the proposal. Strange to say,
the *New York Times* thought it a nice
idea that ought to be tried out, but the
Times was alone among the leading
papers of the country in that sentiment.

If Mr. Wilson had concluded that
this was a good time to purr a little to
Austria, he was in a much more favor-
able position to do it, with his whole
country hot to fight the war out, than
if it were aching impatiently for an
end of war. It is quite possible that
Austria is so dead tired of the war
that her government wants peace at

almost any price short of annihilation
of the Hapsburg dynasty. But Ger-
many is not beaten yet, and is merely
willing, we must suppose, to make a
diversion with talk, and dull the edge
of military proceedings while she
catches her breath. Her newspapers, it
seems, affected loud displeasure with
the Austrian effort, as though to imply
that though Germany, to oblige Aus-
tria, might send delegates to a peace
bee, she was still confident of holding
her own, and the bulk of her stealings,
by military means. As far as she is con-
cerned, we must think of the concu-
rence of her government in the Aus-
trian suggestion as a mere piece of
military strategy.



MR. WILSON, when it comes to
discourse, usually knows what to
say and says it well. And he is not
garrulous in State papers, nor slow to
answer when appealed to. But he
never before was quite so prompt or
quite so brief as in his answer to Aus-
tria. Our government, he said, had
stated repeatedly the terms on which it
would consider peace, and would not
confer on a matter on which its posi-
tion and purpose were so plain.

The advantage of an answer so com-
plete and compact is that it enables
the mind to make an immediate escape
from thoughts of conference back to
thoughts of war and war news. The
Austrian government thrust out a
thought salient. In five lines of print
Mr. Wilson punctured and emptied it.

Nobody need talk about it any more.
Not even Mr. Lodge had time to tell
in detail what Mr. Wilson ought to do.
Before instructions could reach him
he had done it.

Presumably Mr. Wilson spoke not
only for the United States, but for all
the Allies. He did not say so, and he
has not confided to us with whom he
conferred, if with anyone. But beyond
doubt he spoke the minds of all the
members of the League to Beat Hell,
and gave to that as yet unorganized
company the same advantage of a
prompt decision and a swift blow that
comes nowadays in the war from hav-
ing Marshal Foch for boss commander.



HOW very far the Austrian minis-
ter is from comprehending the
facts of world sentiment when, speak-
ing not only for Austria, but for Ger-
many too, he talks of conferences by
which mountains of misunderstanding
would be removed and streams of pent-
up human kindness released! The
pent-up kindness may flow—probably
will—to a beaten enemy, as it does to
wounded enemies and prisoners of war,
but never to a Germany crusted with
crime and gorged with spoils. Aus-
tria is unfortunate in her yoke-fellow.
If by being dissolved back into her po-
litical elements she can get rid of Ger-
many, it will be a cheap release, and
probably there is no other way out for
her. Hungary wants peace and seems
to have lost all interest in the war.
When she is able to reach for it on her
own hook it may be she will get it, but
the place where that opportunity is be-
ing won for her is on the Western
front.

Things continue to go well there.
There is no let up, and thus far no re-
verse. The first exploit of the First
American army—the cleaning up of the
St. Mihiel salient—turned out to be a
comparatively easy job. But it was
admirably done, so all reports say. And
it was easy because it was skilfully
planned and executed, and carried
through with a rush several days soon-
er than the Germans expected.

Metz on the map looks like a nice
place to capture, and the iron country
thereabout is both desirable for France



"ON TO BERLIN"

Kaiser: STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Fritz: TO BERLIN, ALL HIGHEST. THIS IS THE "ON TO BERLIN" NUMBER OF "LIFE."

and extremely good to get away from Germany. But Metz is a hard nut to crack, and Marshal Foch has not disclosed yet how much he wants it. He does not seem to want things that are beyond his means, or cannot be had at a fair price. Perhaps Metz is not the next thing on his list, but our gentlemen, having assembled in force in that neighborhood, are not likely to put in their time consuming victuals and playing baseball.

They seemed to please the French extremely by the St. Mihiel exploit. So far as appears they please the French in many ways—by consideration, by helpfulness, by kindness to children, by fellowship generally. Let us hope they really do. The more one thinks of France—let alone Belgium and Serbia and Armenia and other places—the more sure one feels that the Austrian suggestion was premature and that the good work now proceeding on the Western front has much farther to go before adjournment.

Nothing will do Germany any permanent good, except to keep on pounding her until she is completely ready to turn out her criminal rulers and turn over an entirely new leaf. One of the great objections to a conference is that it would involve polite communication with the abominable scoundrels who brought on the war, and have con-

ducted it in such a way as to constrain even the bad angels to avert their faces. To confer with those creatures would be, in a measure, to readmit them into the society of decent people. They ought not to be readmitted; no, never. The German people will, of course, in time, produce new representatives with whom it will be possible to confer, but the hands that cut the Belgian throat and sacked the cities of northern France ought never again to be shaken, even with the coldest formality, by self-respecting people.



THE Sisson documents disclosing that Lenine and Trotzky were German agents, are mighty interesting, but the *Evening Post* intimates that it is not safe to take all of them at their face value. That the Bolshevik revolution was made in Germany is very probable, and some at least of these documents that support that supposition must be genuine. But others seem doubtful at least, and the *Post's* call on Mr. Creel for fac-simile reproduc-

tions of the originals seemed timely.

The crimes of the Bolsheviki and the crimes of the Germans abound in a great sufficiency without any faking of bogus criminalities. We can easily believe the worst of either of them, and that it is incredibly bad does not make it incredible, but one hates to be fooled with lies even about liars.

The redoubtable John Reed, lately of the *Masses*, Bolshevik Consul General to the United States, and just released again on bail after arrest for obstreperous language, professes not to believe these stories about Lenine and Trotzky and their twenty-five million dollars of German money. But then, John has so limited a hold on the realities of life, and so limitless a grasp on unrealities that his doubts do not carry complete conviction. The more the papers learn and print about the present horrors of Bolsheviki rule in Russia the more suitable and prudent it seems to be for John to abstain from discourse, and hold up his Trotzky-shaken hands and cry, "Kamerad!"

As for our Bolsheviki, they seem to be far less prosperous than of yore. In time of national war private war is waged with increased difficulty, and folks who stir it up get rapidly to jail. The amiable Debs is the latest recruit for our jail army of the indiscreet in speech who impede the war.





The Guest



A Great Plentitude of What There Is



THE second week in September gave New York the world's record for new productions in legitimate theatres. There were ten of them, and with the present arrangement of matinees it was a physical impossibility for one reviewer to witness them all. In such fierce competition some things are bound to go under through lack of money backing to keep them going until the public finds out what they are.

The most thoroughly American of the lot is "Mr. Barnum," in which Mr. Wise gives a remarkable reproduction of the great American showman in the days of his early struggles and triumphs. A good many of us recognize the physical resemblance to P. T. Barnum in his later years, and those familiar with the showman's autobiography can credit the fidelity of the play to both the man and episodes in his career. The authors have combined the bits into a whole which is thoroughly amusing, and a good cast—even to the picturing of Gen. Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren—give these pictures of circus life an atmosphere of truth.



AND how the others shift us through scenes in every phase of life! They go from the bucolic sweetness of the farmerette's experiments to the titled society of England, to psychological mystery, boyish ambition, down through the circles of fantastic crime to the depths of social degradation represented by a jazz-band dive in Chicago.

The farmerette gets her theatrical showing in "Crops and Croppers." It may be a rather unreal exposition of a development in real life very creditable to the American young woman, but it is an agreeably staged and, lightly pleasing little comedy with a sentimental interest.

The boy with theatrical ambitions is made the hero of "Jonathan Makes a Wish," produced and presumably written by Mr. Stuart Walker. Mr. Walker's fondness for youth and his understanding of it have been shown before in his "port-manteau" plays and in his staging of "Seventeen." In this play he is fanciful in reproducing the workings of the boy's brain while in mild delirium, but in doing it he reverts to the usual methods of the theatre. The play is carefully done, but it is a question whether the appeal is to the adult or to the youthful intelligence. Both will find moments of enjoyment, but neither will be completely satisfied.

Another resort to the disordered mind is had in "Another Man's Shoes," in which Mr. Lionel Atwill, as the hero, is made to go through a course of remarkable experiences as the victim of double amnesia. The first two acts thoroughly confuse the audience, as they are not let into the explanation until the third. This is the same taking advantage of credulity that

Mark Twain enjoyed in his riddle, the answer to which was, "The boy lied." This isn't exactly fair to the audiences, but they seem to find enough diversion in the well played comedy to justify the process.



THE jazz band is one of the products of degeneracy which is found in its proper setting in the introductory act of "One of Us," where a Chicago cellar dive and the sort of life led therein are depicted with unquestionable accuracy. From this "One of Us" develops into a melodramatic comedy highly exaggerated, but undeniably amusing. The drawing of characters in the underworld is photographic, and the cast has been carefully selected for the purpose.

Of more mysterious and serious import is "The Unknown Purple," in which Mr. Richard Bennett doubles successfully as a simple-minded inventor developed by an unjust imprisonment into an avenger of the *Monte Cristo* type. By a curious arrangement of scenes and acts, combined with a liberal use of stage mechanics in lighting and other effects, the audience is excited into thorough appreciation of the melodramatic lines and situations. If you like your crime lurid and mysterious, you will find it very much so in "The Unknown Purple."



THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN" comes to us heralded as a long runner in London. It proves to be a romantic musical comedy of the brigand type with a non-singing hero, the usual collection of mountain gangsters, funny officials set to catch them and attractive young women in and out of league with the malefactors. The plot may be easily guessed, but it is adorned with considerable fun and is set forth with unusually seductive music. The responsibility is shared by a whole battalion of writers and composers. The piece is handsomely set and costumed, and in its general character takes us back to the earlier period of Casino successes.



IT may have been first-night nervousness—from which not even the most experienced actors are exempt—but Mr. Otis Skinner failed to give a very definite idea of just what kind of a character he was trying to portray in *Albert Mott*, the barber hero of "Humpty Dumpty." His old grace and command of technique were in evidence, but his speech shifted from a touch of the brogue to the pronounced cockney, with an occasional lapse into the French or Italian accent. In manner he was at times the courtier, and at others the English 'Arry. The changes were regardless of the fact that he was always the same man, although part of the time a barber in his own shop, and part the possessor of an English title and fortune. Mr. Skinner may later develop something definite out of the part, but in its first presentation it was a very hazy creation.

Even with such excellent artists as Beryl Mercer, Elizabeth Rison and Morton Selton in the cast, it was difficult to lift "Humpty Dumpty" out of the commonplace. The basic material included such novel resources as the wrongful assumption of a title and the two babies changed at their birth. The themes are valuable, as shown by their triteness, but it is doubtful that they will appeal even to the new generation, which wants its sensations hot from the griddle, and not warmed over. It seems too bad that such an excellent col-

lection of artists, capable of giving us comedy at its contemporary best, should not have been given better material than "Humpty Dumpty."



NAT C. GOODWIN, an actor, two or three years ago sued the present writer for libel, claiming that he had been damaged to the extent of fifty thousand dollars. At the time, those acquainted with the plaintiff thought the amount rather extravagant, everything considered. He has evidently reached the same conclusion, as he has now withdrawn the suit without recovering even the traditional six cents.

Metcalf.



Astor.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Keeping Her Smiling," by Mr. J. H. Booth. Well played comedy of business life.

Belasco.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Typical Belasco staging of a most amusing comedy with the adoption of French war orphans its basis.

Belmont.—"Crops and Croppers," by Theresa Helburn. See above.

Bijou.—"One of Us," by Messrs. Lait and Swerling. See above.

Booth.—"Watch Your Neighbor," by Messrs. Gordon and Clemens. A spy story, well presented and with a strongly humorous touch.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime," by Young and Romberg. Charming musical play with a really romantic and novel story.

Casino.—"The Maid of the Mountain." See above.

Central.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. Commonplace sentimental drama with a touch of the war.

Century.—"Sinbad" with Mr. Al. Jolson as the leading comedian. Temptation for the t. b. m. revived from last year's Winter Garden success.

Century Grove.—Midnight cabaret.

Cohan.—"Head Over Heels," by Messrs. Woolf and Kern, with Mitzi as the star. Clever soubrette in tuneful and well staged musical comedy.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Spy melodrama, exciting and well done.

Comedy.—"An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde. Notice later.

Cort.—"Fiddlers Three," by Messrs. Duncan and Johnstone. Bright comic operetta with unusual charm in singing and acting.

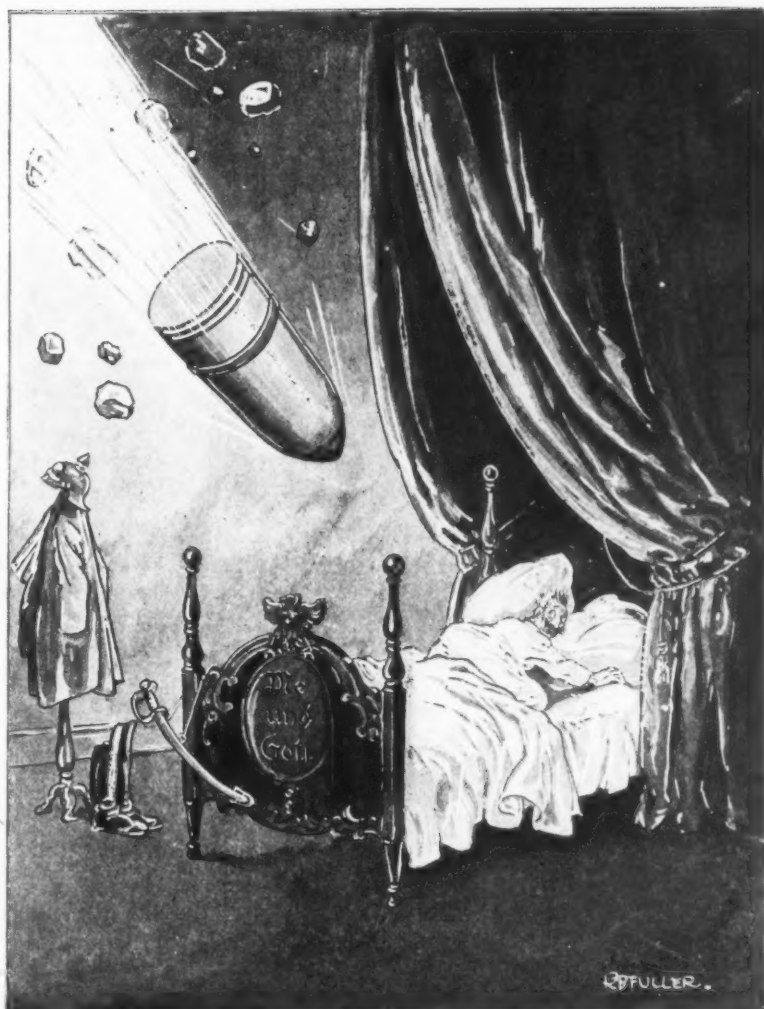
Criterion.—Mr. Thomas A. Wise in "Mr. Barnum," by Messrs. Rhodes and Wise. See above.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," by Mr. Berte Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. Interesting and well acted war drama, unusual in having a cast of only two artists.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Stunning war pictures included in elaborate movie play.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Woman on the Index," by Lillian T. Bradley and Mr. George Broadhurst. Crime melodrama, full of carefully elaborated mystery.

Fulton.—"Over Here," by Mr. Oliver D. Bailey. Notice later.



"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'"

MACBETH.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Highly diverting farcical comedy with an interesting central figure and satire of the Reno divorce industry.

Globe.—Mr. Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" put into play form by Mr. E. E. Rose. Fun for those who ever were boys or knew anything about boys.

Harris.—"Some Night." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." The same old scheme of brilliant Hippodrome attractions, a trifle more economically done.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. The laughable and pathetic aspects of the dilemma of the German-born American interestingly presented.

Knickerbocker.—"Someone in the House," by Messrs. Evans, Percival and Kaufman. Notice later.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Pleasant and amusing musical comedy with aviation for its theme.

Longacre.—Closed.

Lyceum.—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Humpty Dumpty," by Mr. H. A. Vachell. See above.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. See above.

Manhattan.—Last week of "Tiger Rose" transplanted from Broadway. Well staged melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Notice later.

Morocco.—"One of Us," by the Hattons. Notice later.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"She Walked in Her Sleep," by Mr. Mark Swan. Slender but fairly amusing farcical comedy.

Plymouth.—Closed.

Princess.—"Jonathan Makes a Wish," by Mr. Stuart Walker. See above.

Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau. War drama with an elaborate spy motive.

Shubert.—Closed.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Another Man's Shoes," by Hinkley and Ferris. See above.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1918." More luxurious diversion for the t. b. m. in the way of girls, music and spectacle.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Midnight cabaret.



ON THE HINDENBURG LINE

Money



THE headlines of an influential American newspaper, "Wealth, Plus Patriotism, to Win War for United States," afford food for reflection. To some minds it appears as though the order might have been reversed. Patriotism, plus wealth, comes nearer to the mark. But for so many months we have been encircled by posters reading, "Food Will Win the War," "Bread Will Win the War," "Thrift Will Win the War," that we may be pardoned for forgetting that the war will be won, that the war is being won, by the sacrifice of brave men who lay down their lives to free the world from Germany's rank ambitions.

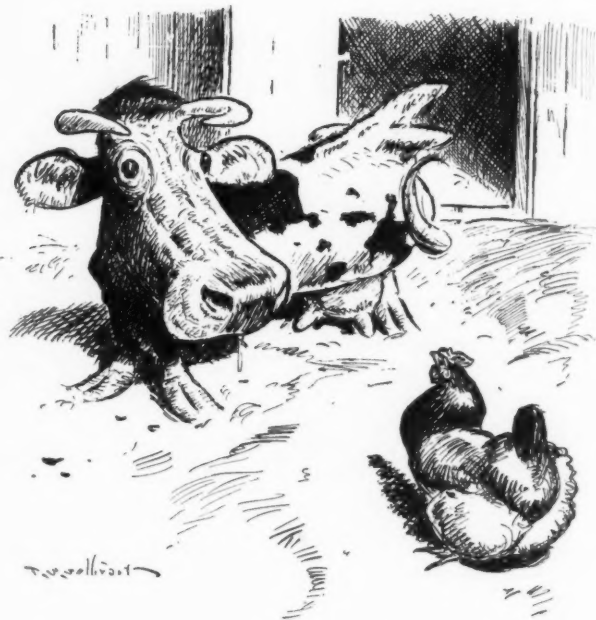
Money helps—and money hinders. We cannot get along without it; but there are times when we can get along better with less. Was it not the size of the appropriation handed out for American airplanes that begot wild waste and foolish experimentation? With a smaller sum and the prospect of a rigid investigation, it is probable that builders would have gone carefully to work, following

approved types, realizing that speed was essential, seeking practical results and giving to our soldiers the protection they have a right to demand. But six hundred and forty million dollars is a mighty lure to the dreamer and the profiteer; and if, when it has been "practically wasted," another billion dollars can be lightly called for, how is human nature to resist temptation? Economy is no easier for the man who spends the public's money than for the man who spends his own. Compulsion rules them both.

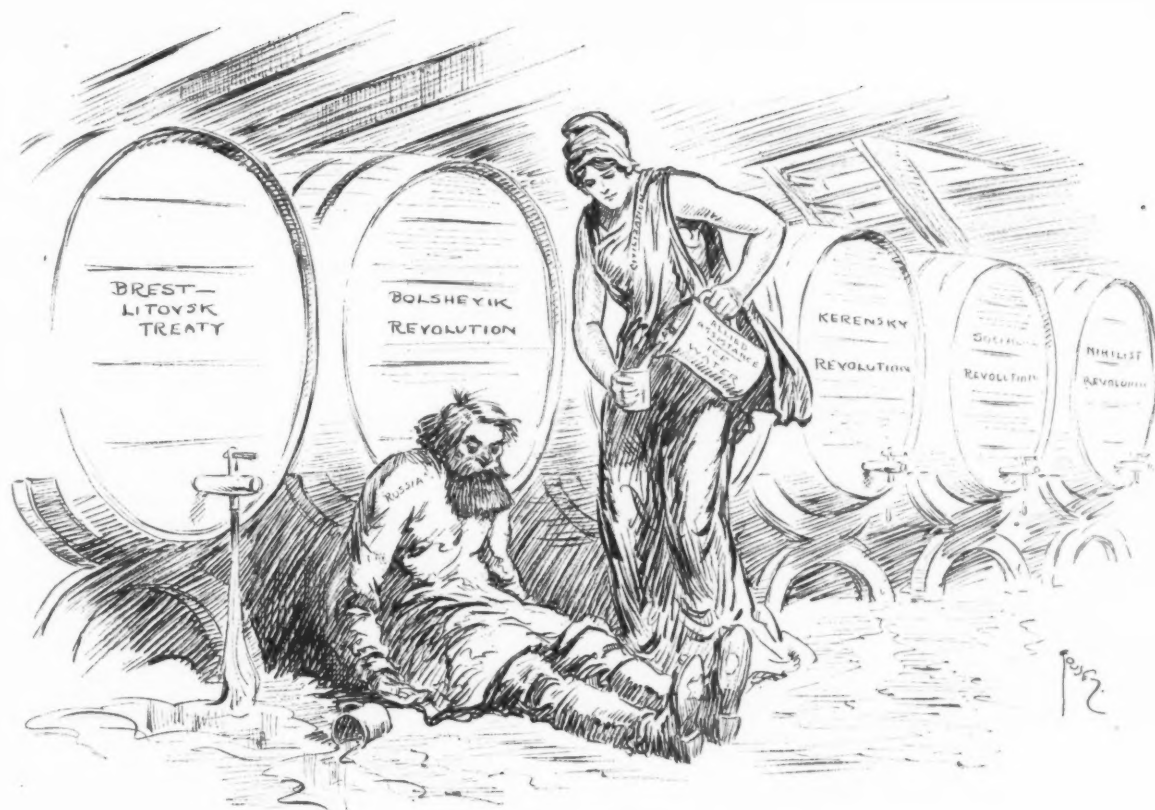
It is a real pleasure for poor Americans—and the bulk of Americans, like the bulk of Europeans, are poor—to hear Secretary McAdoo talk about money. The word billion runs trippingly off his tongue with incomparable ease and grace. There was a time when millions loomed large, even on the public horizon. Now the word has shrunk into insignificance, and we anticipate the day when trillions will have an unpretentious sound. No decent American is disposed at this stage of the game to hold back his hand from the nation's needs. We did not enter the war as an act of supererogation. It was not pure idealism which sent our fighting men over the sea. Germany laid her heavy hand upon us, and all we own is not too much to pay to free us from that menace. There would be nothing left—not even honor—if we suffered her to prevail.

Therefore we do not begrudge the price of our deliverance. But let the great law of sobriety rule our tongues and our expenditures—the citizen saving prudently for the state, the state spending prudently for the citizen. Millions, billions, trillions for defense, but not a cent for waste!

Agnes Repplier.

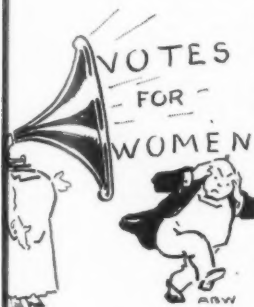


"MY DEAR, THE MIDDLEMAN IS TO BLAME FOR THE HIGH PRICES. IF THE CONSUMER WOULD COME DIRECT TO US FOR HIS MILK AND EGGS THE PROBLEM WOULD BE SOLVED."



Civilization: THIS WILL HELP TO BRING HIM AROUND

Pity the Poor Senators!



IT is a pretty hard thing to stir the United States Senate to its depths, but nothing is impossible to a small and determined gang of female fanatics. And the thing was done recently.

Certain ladies representing the

Woman's National party marched through one of the Washington parks displaying a banner which contained the following text:

We deplore the weakness of the President in permitting the Senate to line itself with the Prussian Reichstag, by denying democracy to the people.

This was too much even for Reed Smoot, who comes from Salt Lake

City, and knows the abysses of the female soul. "I am heartily in favor of woman suffrage," exclaimed Senator Smoot, "but I cannot approve of many of the demonstrations made in the past, or the one made by the Woman's National party."

Senator Reed of Missouri did his best to be philosophical about it, but it came hard. "Of course," declared Senator Reed, "no woman is to be expected to conform to the laws that mere man must obey. That is an understood thing. The vast majority of the men of the world are taking care of some good woman. Those failing to do so, with the exception of one or two distinguished senators, do not represent the best of mankind. Women have always had some rights that were superior to law. So the suffragist today has a perfect right to walk into any senator's office, no matter if he is in consultation with a member of the Cabinet, and demand an 'immediate audience for just three seconds until I

can talk to you, sir,' and then stay there hours and tell you four or five times that 'you are only a brute,' 'a back number,' 'a fossil' and 'a relic of the stone age.' During all this you are expected to smile graciously and thank them for the compliment."

We refrain from lifting the veil any further than this quotation to disclose the sacred sorrows of the United States Senators. Imagination can easily, from this brief note, supply a vivid picture of the extent of their daily sufferings. Nobody is immune, from the President down. The White House is picketed. No wonder Mr. Wilson wants to get it over with. No wonder he writes pleading letters to Senators begging them to give the women what they want. What is war? What rights have the boys at the front, or the agonized slaves of Europe, compared with the wishes of a few American suffragists, who parade up and down in front of the White House and lift their hysterical voices to the electoral moon?

Looking Forward

PEACE must come sometime. With our men headed for Berlin that blessing seems nearer in view to those of us who are optimistic. And afterwards?

In France, when the sun shines again, there will be many talks and many memories of the dark days. And the men and women and the youths of France will recall the help that America gave. On our side we will be glad to remember that we did help in our various ways.

Among the best of these memories will be the knowledge among the generous readers of LIFE that their timely aid served to keep French families together, that they served

the sad but brave mothers in their hour of need, and that they helped save more than three thousand French children to become the new citizens of the great French Republic. The memory of aid to France in her hour of need will be a grateful one, and in it the readers of LIFE can be proud of their share.

LIFE has received, in all, \$249,506.20, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,365,147.45 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

The Boston Post, Boston, Mass., through Edwin A. Grozier, for Baby No. 3115.....	\$73
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Galbraith, Dalhart, Texas, for Babies Nos. 3116 and 3117.....	146
Company "E," 50th Infantry, Camp Mills, New York, for Babies Nos. 3118 and 3119.....	146
Henry Cox Stokes, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 3121.....	73

Supreme Moments in the Life of Gott



VEN HE PLAYED VUN LIDDLE JOKE ON DER FRENCH KINDER



VEN HE DID DER HONORS BY EIN RED CROSS NURSE



VEN HE PUNISHED DER BELGIAN BAR-BARIAN

A Mistake

THAT certain American Congressmen should have been barred from the Western front because they talked too much is not necessarily a matter for international complications. If they had remained silent an inquiry into their condition might have been in order. The great difficulty lay in the beginning when they were let loose to roam at large. The proper place for a Congressman is in Congress. He can talk there as much and as long as he pleases, and no harm is done, except the expense to the people. But the people are used to paying the bills for Congressional verbalities and would be sadly at loss how to spend their superfluous cash if they didn't have these bills to pay.



VEN HE ASSISTED KRONPRINZ MIT DER LOOT

"On to Berlin!"

"**O**N to Berlin!" the cry rings far:
Onto Berlin? You bet we are!

Bait

OFFICER: So you captured a thousand Germans by just calling across No Man's Land. What did you do—promise them a square deal if they surrendered?

YANKEE PRIVATE: No; I promised them a square meal.

"**E**VEN though they do make sport of us, my dear," bubbled Mr. Goldfish, "on account of our lack of privacy, still they can never say of us that we belong to the great army of the unwashed."



RENÉE TRANOT, BABY 2542

ERNESTINE CHAPAVAGUE, BABY 2517,
AND HER SISTERSGASTON AND AUGUSTE BAGLAN, BABIES
2118 AND 2475

Louis C. Clark, 3d, Newport, R. I.,
for Baby No. 3122..... 73
Etheredge Walker, Trinity Center,
Cal., for Baby No. 3123..... 73
Kelvin and Wynfred Fox, Scarsdale,
N. Y., for Baby No. 3124..... 73
Louise Easton Smith, New York City, for Baby No. 3136..... 73
Miss Vera Fisher, Redding Ridge, Conn., for Baby No. 3138..... 73
"E. A. C., Jr.," Lewiston, Idaho, for Baby No. 3139..... 73
J. C. F., 3d, Cadillac, Mich., for Baby No. 3140..... 73
Pi Beta Club, New York City, for Baby No. 3141..... 73
"In memory of Elmer C. Gildroy of Middleton, Conn.," for
Baby No. 3142..... 73

RENEWALS: Mary T. Snyder, Bethlehem, Pa., \$73; "In memory of
a little girl," Esmond, Va., \$73; Mrs. Edouard Desnouee, San
Francisco, Cal., \$73; Mary R. and H. K. M., Paicines, Cal.,
\$73; Mrs. Elizabeth Beck, Long Beach, Cal., \$73; Nell Todd
Baldwin, Chestnut Hill, Mass., \$36.50; Miss Harriet Price,
Reno, Nev., \$73; Mrs. Martha S. Hart, Boston, Mass., \$73;
Mrs. Edward Bains, Philadelphia, Pa., \$36.50.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: "In memory of William H. H. Hewitt,"
New Haven, Conn., \$57; Viola Marsden Tomhave, State Col-
lege, Pa., \$20; The ladies of the Presbyterian Church of Apple-
ton, Wis., \$6.10; C. E. Pierce, Joliet, Mont., \$5; Mrs. Anne
Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$3; Valley City Lodge, No. 7,
A. F. and A. M., Valley City, N. D., \$3; Mrs. R. J. McDonald,
Valley City, N. D., \$6; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, St. Joseph,
La., \$3.10; Class of 1913, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.,
\$13.20; Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, \$10;
Children of the East Hampton, L. I., Summer Colony, \$365;
"Robinson's Men's Class," Methodist Temple of Russellville,
Ky., \$20; A. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$10; Mrs. E. P. Odeneal,
Gulfport, Miss., \$10; M. L. Hughes, Clarksville, Tenn., \$3;
"The Lendahand Club," Yonkers, N. Y., \$3.

BABY NUMBER 3103

Already acknowledged	\$68.32
Mrs. William Cornell Scheide and Philip W. Scheide, Hart- ford, Conn.	4.68
	<hr/> \$73

BABY NUMBER 3120

Company "E," 30th Infantry, Camp Mills, N. Y.	\$19.50
"The Faithful Workers' Music Club," Tobaccoville, Va.	14.50
Mrs. William Cornell Scheide and Philip W. Scheide, Hart- ford, Conn.	5.32
Alison Susanne Hughson, Buffalo, N. Y., born August 14, 1918.	5
	<hr/> \$44.32

THE PLAN OF THE FRENCH BABIES' FUND

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the Fraternité Franco-Américaine, an

organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Fraternité has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management.

Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. To those who are unable to contribute the whole seventy-three dollars at one time a child will be assigned under a pledge to complete this amount.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Fraternité the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child.

Contributors wishing to correspond with the mothers should address them as "Mme. Veuve _____ (surname of the child)" at the town and department given. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Contributors will be notified at the expiration of the two years, and be given opportunity to continue the support, if they so desire.

The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Fraternité with no deduction whatever for expenses. Under the present regulations of the American Red Cross LIFE is unable to forward packages to the children. Gifts of money we can remit with other funds.

Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company. Owing to the large amount of detail work connected with the fund, contributions are acknowledged only through LIFE.

Concerning Something That is "All the Go
in the East"

IN various advertising mediums on the Pacific Coast are advertisements of a permanent hair-wave for men. Accompanying each advertisement is a half-tone reproduction of a handsome young devil with soulful eyes and a six-dollar cravat, the whole crowned with waving locks strongly reminiscent of tidal waves passing up the Bay of Fundy. The reader is advised that permanent waves for men are "all the go in the east." The east is very busy these days, attempting to eliminate non-essentials and keep itself entirely immersed in the war. It would appreciate information from the west regarding any so-called male in the east with whom a permanent wave is "all the go." The east doesn't consider that sort of person essential; and if anything in the east is going to be "all the go," the man with the permanent wave ought to be the first to do all the going.



Friend: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE IDEA OF WOMEN TAKING OVER MEN'S JOBS?

Mr. Henpeck: GREAT! PERHAPS HENRIETTA WILL WASH THE DISHES AND TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN NOW

Peace Terms

(According to the terms arranged
at the Treaty of Berlin,
June 15, 1919)

GERMANY to give up immediately:

All territory outside of the German Empire occupied by Germany.

All claims on the Bolsheviks.

Alsace and Lorraine.

Germany's entire fleet.

All armament to be immediately turned over to the Allies.
All colonies to be turned over to the Allies.

Germany to pay Belgium an indemnity of five billion dollars, at the rate of five hundred million a month; the first installment, however, to be one billion.

Germany to pay to the

Allies an indemnity of twenty billions, payable at the rate of five billions a year.

Germany to be allowed to maintain a police force, to consist of one policeman for every seven hundred inhabitants.

In addition to this, Germany will be allowed a military establishment consisting of one thousand men, these to be equipped only with whistles and police clubs.

The Effect of Kilts

SAID a critical spinster lady to a wounded Scottish Highlander, "In my opinion, those kilts of yours scarcely can be considered gentlemanly."

"And yet," answered Donald, "the Huns scarcely consider them ladylike. Ony-hoo, they rin like hell when they see them comin'."



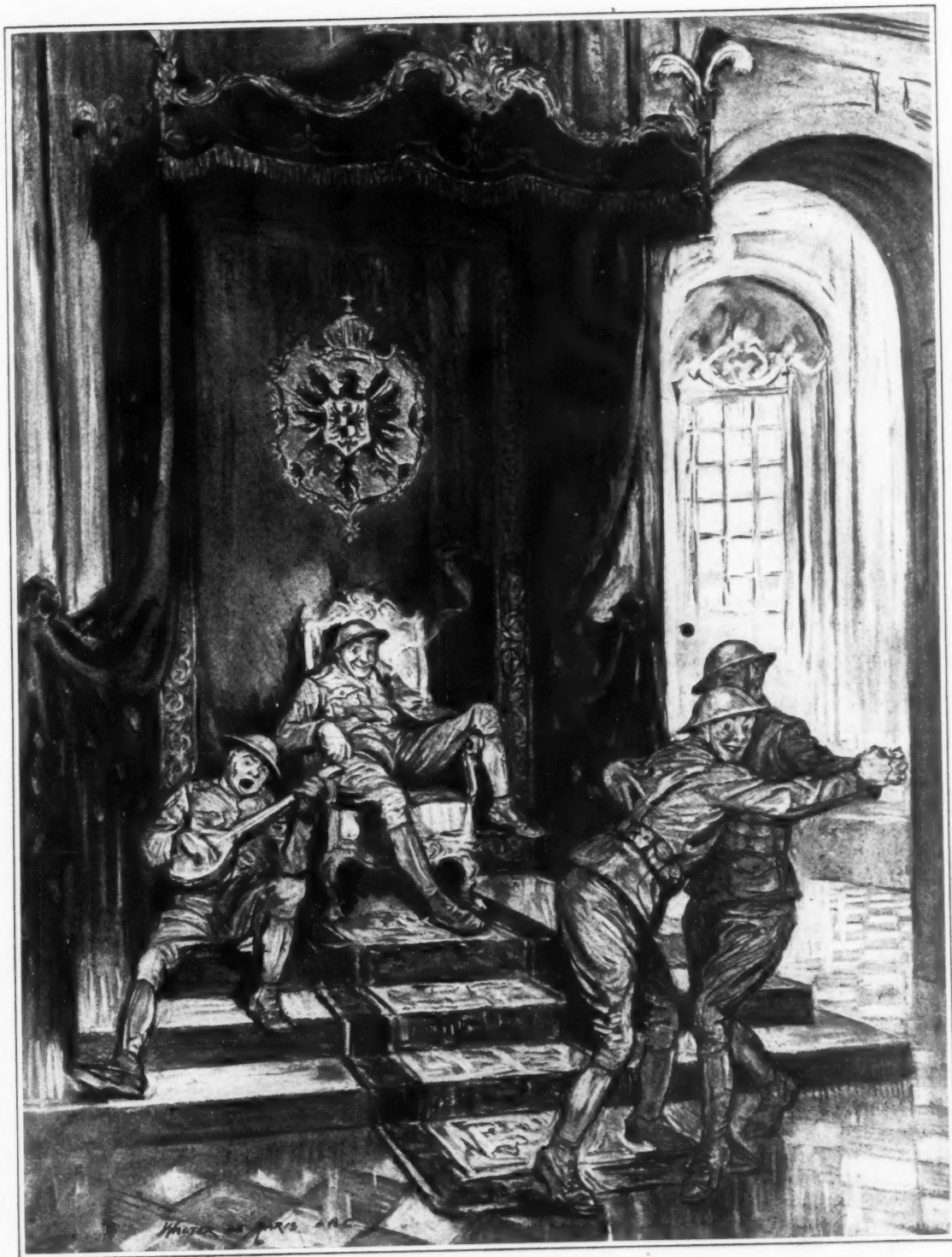
ONE OF THE GERMAN RETREATS

General: WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HIGHNESS?

Prince: HOME TO PAPA.

"WHAT ABOUT YOUR ARMY?"

"I LEFT IT WITH FOCH."



THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY
WHEN BERLIN IS CAPTURED

To Norah—1918

RING the bells and fly the flags,
The cook is going to stay!
And only for the paltry raise
Of dollars ten a day;
'Tis very, very good indeed
When many others are in need
To choose unworthy us to feed
For such a meagre pay!

Fly the flags and sound the gong,
The cook will not depart;
For only twenty-five a day
She'll take us to her heart.
We've sold the Steinway, pawned the
car,
Our shoes, they will not travel far;
What matters this, when such things
are
As sweetless, rye-meal tart?

O, let us all eat humble pie
And not rejoice too much;
This fortune, undeserved by all
May vanish at a touch.
'Tis true, this bird has flown our way,
'Tis possible that she may stay,
But when we are such common clay
How can we hope for such?

So, Norah, though you stamp our
whims
Beneath your priceless boot,
And commandeer the sleeping porch
To practice on the flute,
We shall not have a word to say,
We're stricken dumb. Just have your
way,
For well you know this is your day,
And we must all salute!
Miriam Clark Potter.



"O-OH! LOOK, MOTHER! YOU CAN SEE THE PARADE THROUGH HERE!"

Whispers from Washington

THE clown in the House of Representatives is the Committee on the District of Columbia. The remedy it proposed to cure rent-profiteering elicited gales of laughter from everyone having an elemental knowledge of the principles of law. It is considering a bill, alleged to regulate instalment houses, which, in effect, would prevent the extension of credit by retail merchants. It proposed a bill to prevent carrying concealed weapons, with penalties so drastic, providing life imprisonment for a repetition of the offense, that it would be practically impossible to secure the conviction of an offender by a jury.

ANOTHER brilliant exhibition by the committee was its proposal to compel the Quartermaster Department

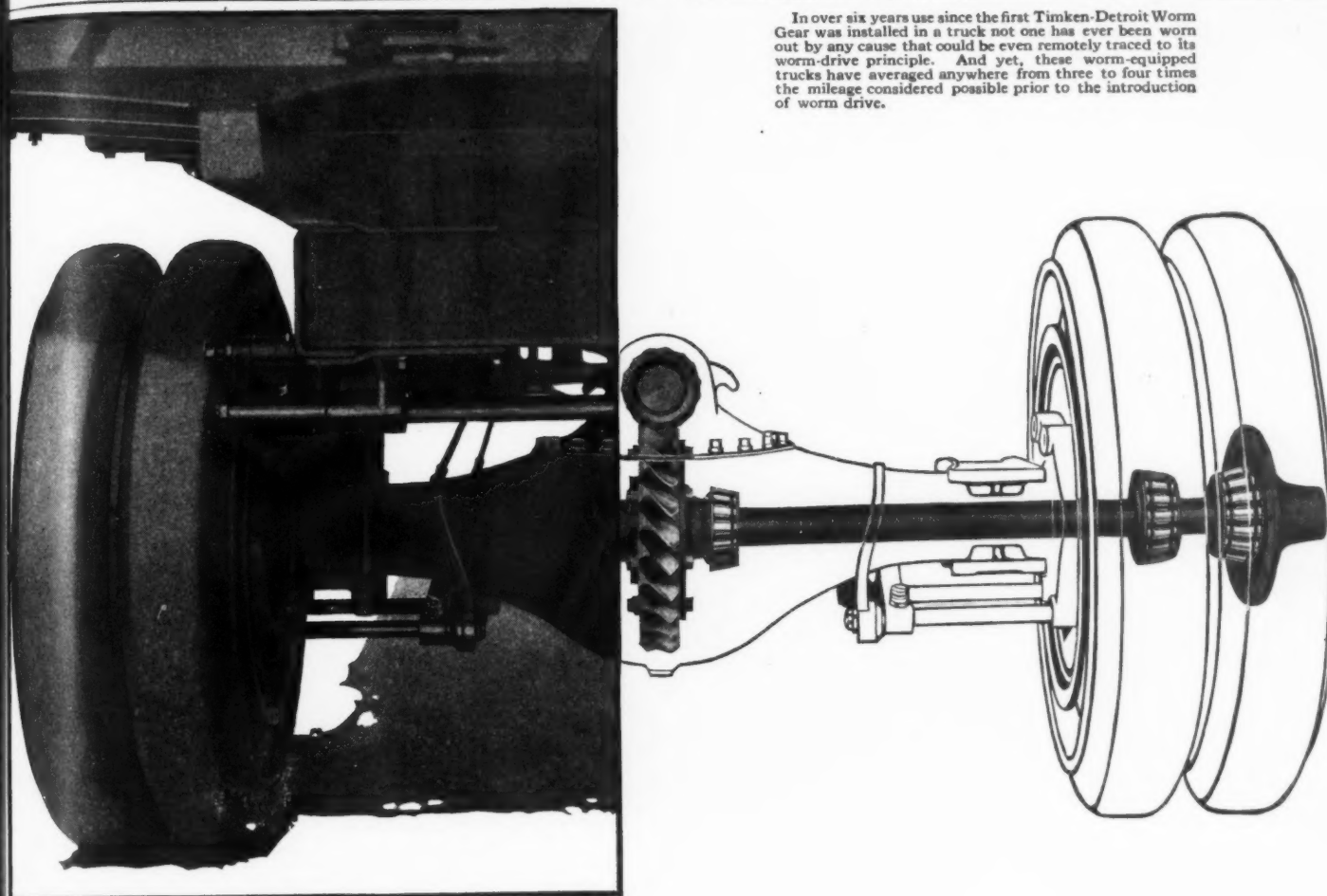
of the Army, and the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts of the Navy to furnish from their commissary stores supplies at cost to all employees and officials of the government, including members of Congress, living in Washington. The passage of this measure was urged without consulting the War and Navy Departments as to the feasibility of setting them up in the retail grocery business with over twenty thousand customers. The German drive was then at its height, the War Department was making superhuman efforts to rush men and supplies across in response to the cries for help, and the Navy Department was straining every nerve to insure the safety of the huge transportations. "Forget it," said the committee, "we want cheap groceries for Congressmen and government clerks." The House ruthlessly struck the enacting clause from the bill, and the committee then busied itself with a measure to protect the learned and honored profession that is commonly known as corn-doctoring.

THE other day a swivel-chair officer surrendered his seat in a street car to a woman. The entire car gasped with astonishment, and his fellow officers glared with disapproval at the iconoclast. If such a breach of decorum of one of their own number is to be condoned, how can the fountain-pen forces of the military service command the respect of mere civilians?



He: I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET UP OFF MY KNEES IF I EXPECT TO KEEP UP WITH HER!

In over six years use since the first Timken-Detroit Worm Gear was installed in a truck not one has ever been worn out by any cause that could be even remotely traced to its worm-drive principle. And yet, these worm-equipped trucks have averaged anywhere from three to four times the mileage considered possible prior to the introduction of worm drive.



Things You Can See

The less you can see of a motor truck axle the better; because durability, economy and successful operation depend on having vital working parts inclosed in a dust-proof, mud-proof, oil-tight housing.

But you *can* see—and you should look for—the one-piece unit construction that means strength—the tubular housing that gives greatest load-carrying capacity for the least weight of metal.

You can also see the big powerful brakes, and the single opening through which complete lubrication of *all* the working parts is effected in the easiest and most efficient way.

Thus the main factors in *carrying the load, stopping the load and reducing care and attention* are evident at a glance.

Things You Can't See

Inside that sturdy housing, out of sight, is the vital *load-driving* mechanism on which to a great extent profitable operation of the truck depends.

In this Timken-Detroit Axle, rear drive is reduced to the simplest form—two strong, practically indestructible units and a single reduction.

Worm and worm wheel run in a continuous bath of oil flowing over every working part as the truck moves.

Worm drive includes the *three vital essentials* to long life—fewest possible parts; direct, positive, continuously flowing lubrication; and absolute protection from foreign substances to cause wear.



THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan



Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks.

TIMKEN-DETROIT

FRONT and WORM-DRIVE REAR AXLES

For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS.

Peace at Any Price

"Can you unfold the past?"

"The record of all things past is to me an open book."

"Then," said the caller, feverishly taking from his pocket a handful of silver, "I wish you would tell me what it is that my wife wanted me to bring home without fail this evening, and name your price. Money is no object."—*Argonaut*.

The Aeroplane Chicken

"Here, waiter, take this chicken away—"

"What's the matter with it, sir?"

"It's all wings and machinery—no meat!"—*London Opinion*.

"Much bothered with tramps out your way?"

"I was until I tacked up a sign on my gate."

"Ah! 'Beware of the dog,' I suppose."

"Oh, no. Simply 'Farm help wanted.'"—*Boston Transcript*.



"FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME"

When Experts Disagree

The conversation turned to the subject of damage-suits, and this anecdote was recalled by Senator George Sutherland of Utah.

A man in a western town was hurt in a railroad accident, and after being confined to his home for several weeks he appeared on the street, walking with the aid of crutches.

"Hello, old fellow!" greeted an acquaintance, rushing up to shake his hand. "I am certainly glad to see you around again."

"Thanks," responded the injured one. "I am glad to be around again."

"I see you are hanging fast to your crutches," observed the acquaintance. "Can't you do without them?"

"My doctor says I can," answered the injured party, "but my lawyer says I can't."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

Discriminating

Two political candidates were discussing the coming local election.

"What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one.

"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest," returned the other.—*Harper's Magazine*.

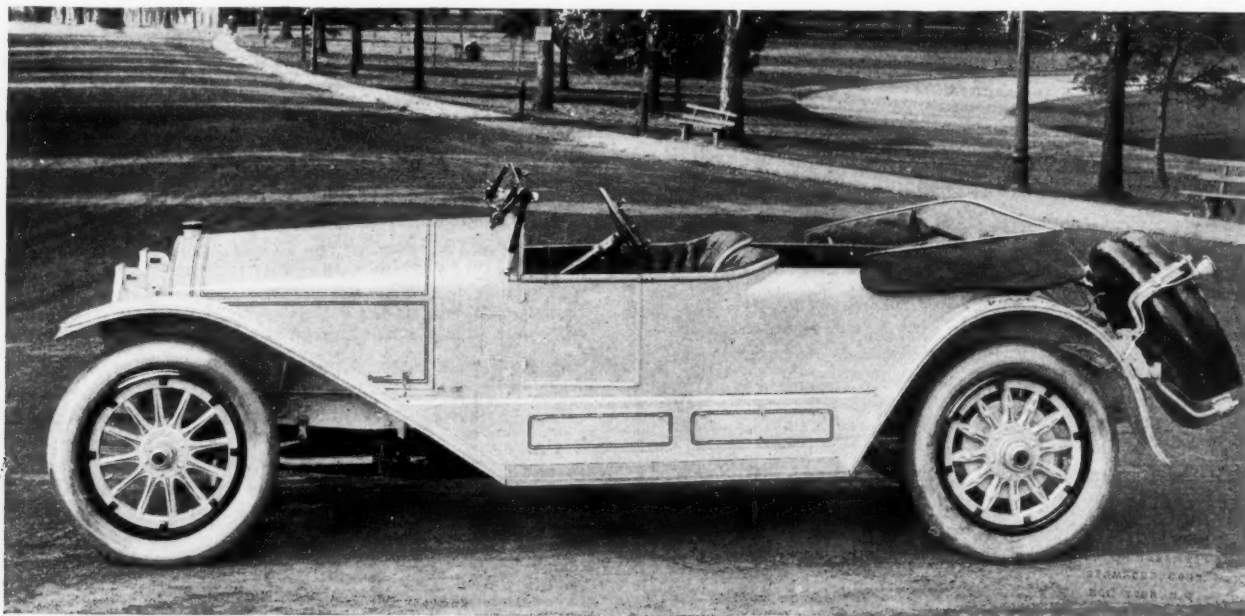
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A low built model, seating four passengers and highly economical of fuel and tires.

Custom designs copyrighted by The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

One hundred per cent American war-winning song

We're Building a Bridge to Berlin

by Bart. E. Grady

Dedicated to Chas. M. Schwab and the Shipbuilders of America.

Sung with tumultuous success by the Mastersingers at Fore River, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Price, for voice, orchestra or band, 25c. net each. By mail, 27c. each.

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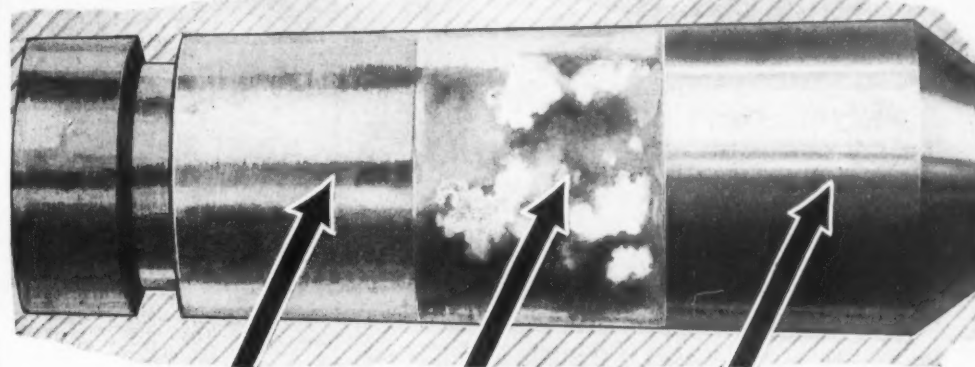
When You Don't Hear from Home

JUST a minute, old man. You've evidently worked yourself up into a hellofa state. There's nothing reasonable about it, of course. And you really ought to be ashamed of yourself. Buck up and think honestly. In the first place, every single thing you have been imagining hasn't happened. I'll bet you a week's pay to a red apple on that. Things are just about the same as usual around home, but you can't think of it that way because you have reconstructed another home full of terrible possibilities. Forget it. Could you change her? Not in a thousand years. Is she going with another fellow? Why, he isn't there, and, besides, she wouldn't. And why haven't you heard? My dear boy, you are thousands of miles away—and that makes all the difference in the world. Think of all the actual practical things that could happen to keep those letters back. Be good to yourself! Patience! And don't even count on the next mail. The letters will come all right, and when they do you'll curse yourself out for being such a dismal idiot.



"OH, DAN, YOU HIT HIM IN THE STOMACH!"
"DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR; THAT'S THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART."

HAVOLINE OIL and YOUR BEARING



Without Oil your Bearing would burn itself out

HEAT Breaks up Poor Oils

Perfect unbroken Film of Oil

Heat Does Not Break Up HAVOLINE OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Here is a vivid picture of the difference between good oil and inferior oil.

At the right, you note the bearing running, protected by a fine film of oil. This oil keeps apart all moving surfaces in your motor. Moreover, it *protects* them from the intense heat always generated by the friction of fast-moving machinery.

In a good motor there are many such bearings fitted to 1/1000 inch accuracy, and you must have an oil like Havoline that keeps its film as a constant protector against the ravages of frictional heat.

The centre section of the bearing shows how an inferior oil breaks up under heat. Heat always shows up a poor oil. Heat breaks up its protecting film into splotches and kills its lubricating power. An oil film so broken permits dry metal to rub against dry metal, which gives friction its deadly chance. This illustrates why, although you may be using plenty of oil in your motor, you still hear ominous sounds—"knocks," grindings, or similar indications that something is wrong. Ever consider it might be poor oil? It often is and the car owner never knows what's the trouble. Be safe—use Havoline.

The section of the bearing shown at the left is running without any oil whatever. It is obvious that without any lubrication in any good piece of machinery, dry steel would rub against dry steel. Great friction would result and the resulting heat would burn out the best piece of steel in the world.

Havoline Oil has been proven by vast numbers of car owners to be the safest oil you can use in your motor under all conditions. One of the country's greatest universities has proven scientifically in its laboratories that Havoline is the safest oil to use in a motor. Give your motor Havoline. It will pay you.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

Indian Refining Company
Incorporated

Producers and Refiners
of Petroleum

New York



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Scraps About the Scrap

A victory a day keeps the Germans away.

We thought of calling him the Half-crown Prince, but half a crown is worth considerably more than thirty cents.

A correspondent suggests that the German drives may be merely a trick of the Kaiser to make the population of Germany fit the food supply.

History repeats itself, and the particular bit of history we hope to see repeated soon is that recorded by Julius Caesar, to wit: "The Germans turned and ran, nor did they stop until they had crossed the Rhine."—*Boston Transcript*.

The New Grand Tour

Two American soldiers were engaged in trench digging, when one asked the other if he remembered the big posters back home saying, "Enlist and see the world."

"Yes," replied his companion. "But why?"

"Well, I didn't know we had to dig clear through it in order to see it."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

The Willing Button

INDIGNANT MOTHER: What on earth do you do to your clothes to keep me sewing on buttons this way?

APOLOGETIC SON: I don't know, mother. I merely touch the button. I can't imagine what does the rest.

—*The American Boy*.

Experienced

"Have you ever been under fire?"

"Lots of times."

"In the front-line trenches?"

"No, but I spend all my summers hunting deer in the Maine woods."

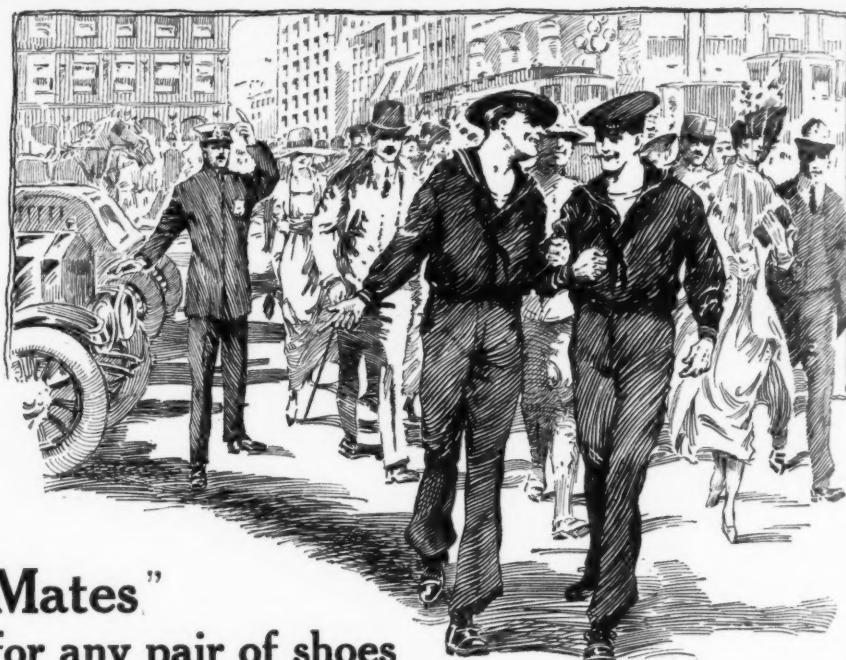
—*Youngstown Telegram*.

There's something about them you'll like.



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Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
Sample upon request
Falk Tobacco Co, 1792 Broadway, New York.



"Mates" for any pair of shoes

There's a friendliness about them that comes from easy walking—a quietness about them that comes from absorbing heel shock—a sure step with them because



CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

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Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists

Pardonable Pride

"I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to the London publisher.

PUBLISHER: I'll look them over; but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name.

POET: That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken.

"Ah, indeed! What is your name?"

"John Smith."—*Rochester Times*.

TOMMY (who has been wounded for the fourth time): I know what it means, mate; them Huns don't want me at this war!—*London Opinion*.

WHEN Sam Patch jumped over Genesee Falls he took a pet bear with him. The bear escaped, but Sam was drowned. Sam would not have been drowned that day if he had been an annual subscriber to LIFE and had just received his weekly copy.

The German Soldier's Phrase Book

THE KAISER: The Hohenzollern family's candidate for ruler of Germany, on the platform, "He kept us out of war."

The General Staff: A very stiff support for the Crown Prince.

The Crown Prince: Son of the Kaiser and founder of the Retreat for Young Generals. Noted for his interest in Le Chemin des Dames from boyhood.

Straightening Our Line: Outrunning the enemy's heavy artillery.

Goulash Cannon: The German soldier's most popular piece of artillery. Now very short of ammunition.

Moral Victory: Bombarding any unfortified place or hospital.

Hypocrisy: Any respect paid by the enemy to the rules of civilized warfare.

Goose-step: Symbolic expression of the soul of the German army.

Kultur: Germany's divine right to superiority over scraps of paper.

Cannon Fodder: The only cheap article in Germany.

Junkers: Class in Germany who regard the rest of the world as junk.

Essen: Trans. verb, to eat: used as name of town which has devoured the wealth and manhood of Germany.

Reprisal: Doing something to the enemy which he wouldn't think of doing to you before he can think of doing it.

Major Tactics

CROWN PRINCE: Have you caused my proclamation, announcing that this offensive will bring our victorious arms to Paris and the Channel ports, to be read to all regiments?

AIDE: Yes, Excellenz.

"Then order out my car, and let us drive like the devil to our new headquarters, thirty kilometers to the rear."



"WELL, WHO YER LOOKIN' AT? CAN'T AN EX-CONVICT BE PATRIOTIC? I'M ONLY WEARIN' LAST YEAR'S SUIT TO SAVE WOOL."

A GREAT WAR SONG

The Battle Hymn Of Democracy

Words by
BRADFORD WEBSTER

Music by
K. CLAYTON

Maestoso

There is rum-ble in the moun-tains There is
He has stirred the souls of mil-lions To with-
Let us heed the apen-did sun-moon, Let us

light-ning o'er the plain; For the God of Bat-tles
stand the great at task; He has led them t'ru Hell's
join the com-mon cause; Let us climb the heights of

com-eth in the whirl-wind and the rain. He is
fur-y As they beat the dra-gun back. He is
man-hood, Let none fal-ter, let none pause, Till the

come to break War's Ty-rant He is come to set us free, He is
call-ing ev-ery Free-man To pre-pare to do his best, To up-
Hosts of Death are van-quished, Till the Au-to-crat is slain; Till the

come to rear a King-dom On the Broth-er-hood to be,
hold his so-ble birth-right In this last and great-est test.
God of Bat-tles tri-umphs And De-moc-ra-cy doth reign.

Chorus

He has cursed the base in-trig-uer With his poi-son and his
lies; But the glo-ry of the sol-dier He has blas-phemed on the skies.

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Use this song to help smash the intrigue of the next and all following Peace Offensives. Use it to heal the spiritual blindness of British Labor, the British Tories, and the American Pacifists. Use it to support the "force without stint or limit" of Woodrow Wilson and the "peace dictated on German soil" of Henry Cabot Lodge. Put one in your home. Send one to every man in the service. Send 25c for one, or \$1.00 for six, with piano accompaniment.

THE ARMAGEDDON PUBLISHING CO. 141 Broadway, New York

LIFE'S Aeroplane Picture Contest

Full report of this Contest, with winning titles, and names and addresses of winners, appeared in the July 18th issue of LIFE.

Copy of that number will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

(Canadian, 11 cents; Foreign, 12 cents)

After October 18th this number will be twenty-five cents.

(Canadian, 26 cents; Foreign, 27 cents)

LIFE

17 West 31st St., New York

BACK NUMBERS ON SALE AT THIS OFFICE